

A DAUGHTER OF JUDEA

By FLORENCE EDITH AUSTIN

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Shalmal was just a Rebeccaesque, beseeching wail from the ocher of Nazareth. She had been imported to this country by an enterprising manufacturer who knew the commercial value of a pair of luminous oriental eyes, of an olive skin with lips and cheeks the red of the almond, and of a sugar-sweet voice to vend his machine-embroidered fabrics as real Syrian handwrought stuffs.

Shalmal's success at coining shekels and spoiling the Egyptians ought to have satisfied any rational man, but the money-microbe had diseased the American's business acumen; and either he had never heard or he willfully ignored the old pagan precept that an educated woman was "a flight of steps leading to calamity," for, during the idle season, with the idea of increasing her commercial value, he enrolled Shalmal in a mission school where matriculation fees are unchanged and both books and instruction come free.

Through a fateful coincidence, the allurement of a linguistic education—that is, a greater familiarity with the colloquial dialects of the orient than is acquired in a college course, had influenced one Emory Kernish to become an instructor in this same evangelical institution where nomadic Semites were wont to gather in unfraternal numbers.

Shalmal was truly a vision of oriental loveliness, dusky and deep-tinted. The sandal-wood and spice mysteries of the incense bath were wafted in delicious zephyrs from her gay striped garments. She shone an immaculate exception among that throng of "great unwashed"—and from his first surprised glance the fastidious Kernish was infatuated with her.

But Kernish was a politic young accident, and in no haste to commit himself to words. In truth, when away from the witchery of Shalmal's



"Your Place is Here, Safe Sheltered in My Arms."

presence, he would argue with himself the pros and cons of such a mating, and to his calmer judgment it seemed rank folly for him when women of his own race and station were as plentiful as June roses, and to be had for the picking. But in the meanwhile he devoted himself to Shalmal's especial instruction.

It was at this time that an unusual book, called "In His Steps," was exciting a national interest, and the reading lessons at the mission were assigned from it. It was a story of how some people in a western town attempted to apply the principles of Christianity to their everyday life and carry it into their business. The results depicted were in every instance in somewhat the nature of a Golgotha; and yet, according to the mission school, and, hoping by their united example to charm the world to applied Christianity, a society was formed of those who would pledge themselves for a specific time to do just as Shalmal's holy countryman would if he were in their place.

With serious misgivings Shalmal subscribed her Hebrew name to the role of Christians. She knew the people and she knew the tricks of trade, but her conversion was too sincere for periodic use only.

It was the month preceding the holidays when the momentous compact was entered into, and it was also the harvest season for one in Shalmal's line. So, with a tiny silver "In His Steps" cross hanging upon her breast and a heavier one weighing her heart, she took her packing cases of embroidered spreads and cushion covers and draperies unknown to the Holy Land and started out over the old familiar friendly route.

Her employer's parting advice to make her conscience elastic wherever her pledge and business might clash had only made her the more determined to live up to it faithfully. He had warned her that she would find silence more golden than truth—but a frenzy for truth telling had seized upon Shalmal. She was prodigal with it and reckless as to results.

"No, ladec," she would say at every house, with an accent that echoed of Esdras. "I am oriental, but my embroideries are from Chicago."

"They are made by Syrians living there!" would persist the intending purchaser.

"Noo—we get more monies by selling them," confessed Shalmal courageously. "I lie to you once, but I no lie now—I Chreestian."

But the un-American Americans failed to appreciate the superiority of domestic stuffs or the beauties of native talent; and with each rash admission the warm smile of welcome would gradually relax until Shalmal saw only a look of cold disdain—the novelty of hearing the truth was too recent an innovation yet to encourage as a fad. The disillusioned customer would put away her purse with a defrauded air, and the embryo reformer would fold up her goods and go on from village to village along her suburban route.

Three weeks of tribulations sufficient to discourage one to the religion born, then Shalmal was reduced to her last rootlet "of all evil."

Her employer wondered, then grew wroth, and finally anxious, as her reports came from the various towns—she was making such small sales that one machine could overstock her market, while she was not realizing enough in profits to provide her with the essentials of life. Vexed and perplexed at this sudden turn of affairs, he was conjecturing whether it was Shalmal's lack of learning that had sold his goods so readily "before taking," or whether it was her over-the-top education that was losing sales for them now, when Kernish came into the office to hear somewhat of her, and to him the manufacturer of Illinois oriental embroideries relieved his mind with regard to his fears for Shalmal and also his opinion of the folly of that pledge.

With the eagerness of a lover long for a pretext to again look on his adored, Kernish volunteered to go out as a rescue expedition to the too thoroughly Christianized convert.

Whatever Emory Kernish's original intentions may have been, they seemed to undergo a subtle change on realizing the ravages that her weeks of hardship had wrought on Shalmal.

He came upon her as she was dragging herself and her pack through the slush of a country road. Her gay garments were wind and weather frayed; she was soiled, exhausted, disheveled—she appeared no longer a dethroned princess of the house of Judah. With the tarnishing of her fine feathers Shalmal lost caste with her suitor—and the expression that came over his face was neither saintly nor pleasant to look upon.

But Shalmal saw only her lover of the mission coming to meet her, and she fell into his arms with the limpness of a rag doll and wept her glad relief.

"Why, Shalmal!" he exclaimed.

"I have kept the pledge, but behold to what it has brought me," and she hushed her sobs to hear the commendation of her Christian lover. It came.

"It was a foolish promise to make, and a more foolish compact to keep. But it is over now. You must leave the reforming of the world to those better able to cope with it. Your place is here, safe sheltered in my arms, beloved, and I will care for you forever and forever."

Her tears sprinkled him afresh, like April showers with the sunbeams shining through, as he kissed the pomegranate glow back into her cheek and consoled her with forecasts of a future where he and she were soon to journey back to the shores of the zithern sea and there live just for each other.

"We will have one grand wedding at the mission," mused Shalmal, with blissful naivete.

Kernish flushed guiltily, then faltered: "It won't be necessary—a marriage just now might be fatal to my prospects." Shalmal's stunned silence encouraged him and, drawing her closer, he went on more glibly: "Ceremonies are merely form, Shalmal. Marriage is simply a business contract, and no more requires the services of a preacher than an ordinary partnership requires the intervention of an attorney. A covenant between two loving hearts should be more sacred than the ordained phrases of the ritual. I hereby promise to love and cherish you with a greater constancy than many who require a legal oath to hold them," and he stooped to kiss the ripe red mouth, but Shalmal sprang away from him in sudden realizing horror.

"Is this what you Chreestians call following in His Steps?" she cried out in sharp pain.

"Not exactly in His Steps, but in the footprints of others less perfect—Solomon's, David's, and—be reasonable—wait, Shalmal!" But Shalmal had caught up her pack and fled like a frightened fawn across the fields, leaving Kernish much disturbed as to the report of him she might carry back to the mission, and its possible effect upon his consular expectations.

When safely lost from Kernish in the shadows of the early twilight, Shalmal sank down on a bunch of brushwood to think over things and to weep out the last galling drop of her disillusionment.

Then she took a little calendar from her pocket and calculated carefully: "Selah!—this is the last day of the pledge!" she sighed in forlorn relief; "and to-morrow—well, it is too hard to be a Chreestian in a Chreestian country."



How to Preserve Health.

TOO FEW SEEM TO KNOW HOW TO KEEP WELL.

Art That Is Worth Studying—Principles Are Very Simple and Can Be Told in Few Words—Be-ware of Worry.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Considering the trouble we all take about getting well when we are ill, it is extraordinary that some of us take so little pains to keep well.

The latest theory of science is opposed to a common belief that some people are born well and others born ill. The babe in the hut and the babe in the palace each arrives in the world with a certain capital stock on which he may draw. Whether we accept this or deny it, the probability is that most of us could keep well after childhood if only we knew how. We play with our health as a boy plays at marbles. We take risks, we do foolish things, we leave undone things that we plainly ought to do. Everybody has seen, for instance, the frail tenure of life held by an invalid who is always looking out and protecting herself from peril; such an invalid often outlives care-takers who are strong and neighbors who are overflowing with robust vitality. We have seen, too, a man of active temperament, brisk and impulsive and full of business, have marked him as one who has long life before him, and have presently been horrified when he falls exhausted by the way. He did not know how to keep well.

The art of keeping well is worth studying. Its principles are very simple. Nothing particularly occult or particularly puzzling belongs to it. They who wish to keep well must beware not of draughts, not of fresh air, not of sunshine, or rain, but primarily must avoid too great fatigue. The normal human being who is in good health is able to endure a certain amount of strain and to carry a certain amount of weight.

It is not doing the day's work that tells upon health and brings it to the breaking point; it is doing the bit too much that in the end causes weariness of mind and body and makes a person what is called run-down. To be run down in nerves or in strength is perilous.

"I took cold when I was tired," is a common expression and describes a common experience. Don't get tired and you won't take cold.

Another prescription for keeping well is eliminate worry. Worried people are very seldom well people. Worry frets mind and body as moth frets the fabric of a beautiful garment. Worry corrodes the soul as rust corrodes metal. From all sides comes the protest, "It is easy enough to say don't worry, but how is one to help it, if he be of a worrying disposition or if things are contrary?"

Days dawn with frowning faces and through all their course they seem to bring nothing but disaster, disappointment and defeat. Nothing goes right from morning till night. The letter you expected does not come, the bargain you hoped for falls to pieces and the money you counted on is delayed. You thought the children were safe in school or at their play, and one of

them sickens with scarlet fever and another with whooping cough, and another falls from a tree and breaks an arm or a collar bone. Your partner in business is grumpy, your best stenographer announces her engagement and the clerk you depended upon goes to another house, while the one who was inefficient and incapable stays on your hands. You don't want to dismiss him because you have a soft-hearted feeling that if he is out of work his wife and children will suffer. So it goes. At the best of times there is occasion for a lot of worry in this world unless we make up our mind firmly that worry is both weak and wicked and that we will not walk this road carrying it as a pilgrim-pack to crush our strength and bow our shoulders. Take the road cheerfully, friend. Philosophy and faith and religion combine to bid you cease useless worry.

"God's in His heaven,

All's right with the world."

In the art of keeping well, the art of keeping an easy mind takes high place.

Avoid drugs. Avoid stimulants. Avoid crutches. The habit of resorting to a pick-me-up of some sort when one feels the faintness of exhaustion is fatal. Drugs should never be taken except by the order of physicians who have a reason for prescribing them. Whether they excite or depress the heart, whether they give a transient sense of increased power, or a transient desire to sleep, they are not for you and me to meddle with. Especially unwise if you wish to keep well, is the yielding to temptation in the matter of bitters, cordials or other liquors and syrups having an alcoholic basis. Tea and coffee are the only stimulants in ordinary use that may be taken with safety, and it is an open question whether or not a tenth of us would not be much better if we used them sparingly. The effect on the nervous system of too much indulgence in either tea or coffee is marked. Nobody can be called well who acknowledges slavery to any article of food or drink. We should rule our diet, not let it rule us.

In order to keep well, we must eat regularly. Three meals a day is a good rule for some; others may need four or five, and others may do better and be more comfortable if they limit themselves to two. A good deal depends on one's tendency to leanness or to flesh, and a good deal also depends on the work one has to do.

Dyspepsia is due to eating too much or eating when one is over-tired, so that the brain cannot supply enough nervous fluid to aid digestion. For our national tendency to dyspepsia there is not the slightest excuse. It is always a blunder and often a crime. Violation of God's laws written so plainly that we may read them without spectacles, is at the bottom of the anguish and irritation of dyspepsia.

If you would keep well, do not forget that the wasted tissues of the body are repaired by sleep. Plenty of sleep in well ventilated rooms, with a good conscience will do much to make you well if you are ill, and to keep you well in ordinary circumstances. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." "Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care is the hand-maid to perfect health."

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Trimming for the Hat.

New and Old Combinations Are Both in Style.

Felt trimmed with velvet, is an old combination, but velvet with felt is a new one. Nine out of ten hats show



the combination, often the two materials matching exactly; but some

wonderfully interesting effects are got by daring contrasts.

Plumes are as good as ever they were—and better even than that, if that be possible—but they are almost invariably the uncured kind.

Buckles share in the trimming honors of every sort of hat, from the smartest of large hats—almost picture-types, which seem so much more dressy in that very difference of size from walking hats. One stunning little hat was a simple black felt sailor, simply "made," by the way wide plaid ribbon was drawn through a great jet buckle, crushed round the crown, and tied in a great, swashing bow low on the hair.

Leather Trimming.

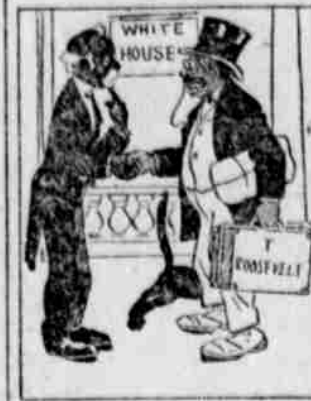
They are going to trim gowns with leather this fall and this, while it may be good news to the woman who can afford leather, is a sorry tale for her who cannot aspire to it. But, for the woman who cannot afford leather, it may be related that there are dull silks which take the place of suede very nicely. If she does not care to buy dull silk, the woman who is doing her own home dressmaking, can get a very good lightweight cloth of dull finish. This is quite as good as leather, for it resembles it so closely.

Marguerite Luncheon.

At a Marguerite luncheon, described in "What to Eat," there was a small glass bowl of the white marguerites at each cover and a large bowl in the center. The ice was served in daisy cups and the salad decorated with daisies made of hard-boiled egg white and yolks. The cakes were sprinkled with petals of slices of almonds.

Gossip from Washington

President Resumes Work at White House After His Summer Vacation—Death Calls Col. "Ike" Hill—Special Attorneys to Fight Trusts.



the White house, Lieut. Commander Keyes.

WASHINGTON.—President Roosevelt, sunburned and in fine health from his vacation, is again at his usual round of duties at the White House. The day after his return from Sagamore Hill he was at his office about nine o'clock and began work while a procession of laborers were pushing wheelbarrows filled with gravel up a gangway to the White House roof and dumping it almost over his head to be used in roofing the west wing of the building. Although a small army of men has been working on the building since July it is not yet fully repaired.

The president weighs over 200 pounds but his flesh is firm and hard from outdoor living and exercise. He was in the best of spirits and before the cabinet met he received numerous visitors. Among these was Admiral Call, of the Italian warship *Fieramosca*, and two of his officers, accompanied by the American naval aid at the king. Members of congress were scarce, owing to the fact that the new rate law compels all to pay fare.

Usually the Roosevelt children return from Oyster Bay with a procession of new pets. This time they brought only the old ones, including Rollo, the big Newfoundland dog; Skip, the bear dog, and the horses. Slippers, the six-toed cat, passed the summer in Washington and was greatly rejoiced at the family's return.

PASSING OF A NOTABLE CAPITAL FIGURE.

In the death of Col. Isaac R. Hill, known for generations back as "Ike Hill, of Ohio," the house of representatives has lost its most unique character. Col. Hill had been a unique figure in national and Ohio politics for two decades. Always a staunch Democrat, he associated himself actively with its party history, more especially in his home state. For years his peculiar personality of form and demeanor have impressed the delegates to nearly every party convention, both national and state. He came to Washington originally when John G. Thompson, of Columbus, was made sergeant-at-arms of the house of representatives, and has been attached in some capacity to the lower branch of congress ever since.

Many are the stories that have been printed about "Ike" Hill. In fact, so constantly has he been in the public eye that there are really few good ones that remain untold.

In conversation Hill was as picturesque in the use of language as he was dignified in dress and carriage. He was original and quaint in his remarks, as witness the expression, "mark my words, young fellow, before next spring," etc., when he meant to say something would occur before springtime.

A new preacher had come to Newark at the time Col. Hill was a candidate before a primary and the colonel never tired of telling how he made the acquaintance of the gentleman of the cloth. "I was walking down to the polls," he said, "when I came up to this stranger. He says to me: 'Good sir, I'm a newcomer to your bustling town. I have always felt it to be my duty to interest myself in the political affairs of the community in which my lines have been cast. I am the new minister of (naming the church) and am on my way to the primaries. I understand there is a candidate named Ike Hill, who is unregenerate, a gambler, liberal in every sense, and in every way unfitted to receive the suffrages of a sovereign people. What do you know about him?'"

"I didn't waste no words, but said to this immaculate gentleman: 'Sir, I am the identical son of a pirate,' or words to that effect."

ODD HISTORY IN OFFICIAL FILES.

There is some queer history locked up in the files of the various government departments. A few days ago the appointment clerk of the treasury department unearthed a letter written by Horace Greeley in 1865 recommending Cornelius Vanderbilt for appointment as a member of the cotton claims commission.

The photographer of the treasury department has a negative made of Gen. Grant when the latter was beardless. It requires a second look to detect any of the familiar features of the silent soldier.

In the bookkeeping division of the office of the auditor for the post office department is a record and all the correspondence relating to the shortage in the accounts of Abraham Lincoln as postmaster at New Salem, Ill. Mr. Lincoln's shortage was not large and was promptly paid.

On file in the treasury department is an application for promotion filed while John Sherman was secretary of the treasury. It bears the following indorsement from Secretary Sherman: "Promote this man \$200 a year, as he was useful to me in my race for the senate."

In another department is a copy of a land warrant and a receipt attached in the handwriting of Lafayette acknowledging the donation of land and money made by the United States on the occasion of his visit to this country following the revolutionary war.

"TRUST BUSTERS" TO BE REWARDED.

Attorney General Moody, under authority of the statute permitting the hiring of special assistants at salaries not exceeding \$7,000 to help him in the prosecution of trusts is building up a corporation of trust breakers that promises to be responsive to popular sentiment in every judicial district in the country. These special places will be the rewards for bright district attorneys or assistant district attorneys who show the attorney general how to do things to the trust magnates.

Until Knox became attorney general the connection between the United States district attorneys and the attorney general was nebulous. Sometimes the attorney general called upon them to do something other than prosecute moonshiners and counterfeiters, but not until Knox came into office were any of them intrusted with anything worth while.

Moody continued the utilization of the district attorneys, and good work against a trust is now a certificate of merit which in many instances is followed by promotion to special assistant to the attorney general, with a nice berth in Washington. Before Knox inaugurated the system which Moody is now bringing to perfection no district attorney ever hoped for anything better than he had, simply because appointments in the offices here were rewards for political work.

FRAUDS IN LETTER BOXES.



The reason why postmasters in large cities exercise care in the renting of letter boxes to patrons," said a post office official, "is because, unless the applicants are known or identified to the postmasters, they might rent boxes to persons in fraudulent occupations."

"The post office department has accomplished great reforms within recent years toward the stamping out of fraudulent concerns who used the mails to reach their victims, but there is one abuse which has not yet been reached, mainly for lack of suitable legislation, and that is the private letter box."

"Postmasters are required to cause the applicant for a box in the city post office to certify over his signature that the box shall not be used for the promotion of any fraudulent purpose or the pursuance of an illegal business. They also require him to furnish his address, business in which he is engaged, if any, as boxes are often rented to persons not engaged in business and to women whose correspondence is large, and to give a reference. It has not been found that this rule is oppressive or obnoxious to any person who does not desire to use the box for an improper purpose, but it has been found that it shuts out a great many persons who wished a box for legitimate purposes."

"The private letter box should be abolished and the attention of congress ought to be called to its abuse in large cities. It is often impossible to locate persons engaged in conducting fraudulent and unlawful correspondence through the mails. For a small sum these individuals can rent a box in some store, usually a cigar or stationery store, through which to receive letters addressed to them, instead of having them addressed and delivered to their places of residence from the city post office."